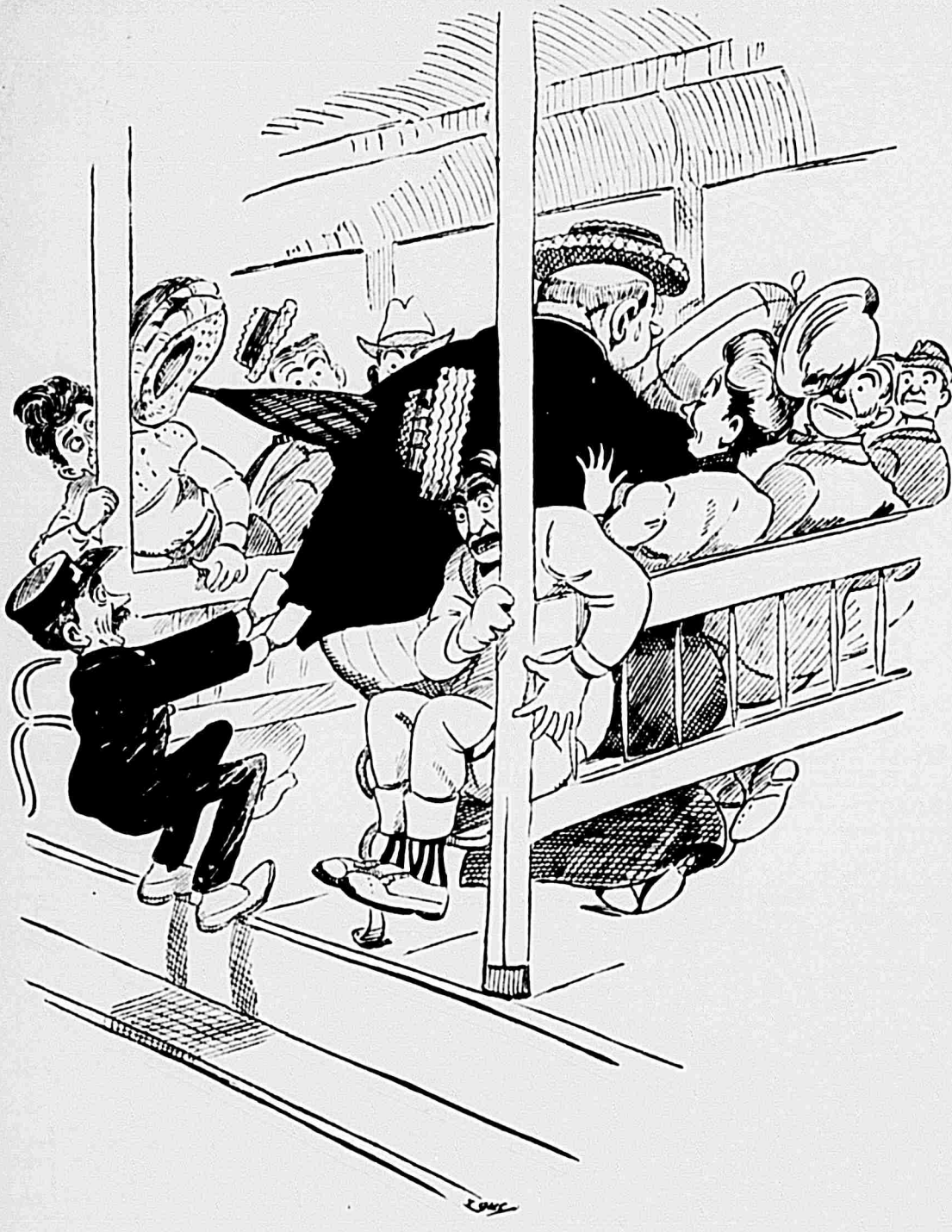


# THE OPEN-CAR PROBLEM.

By FERDINAND G. LONG.



Should the no-passenger-to-stand-in-cross-street cars measure become a law who will enforce it?

# The World.

VOL. 41. NO. 1158.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, 52 to 62 PARK ROW, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

## A FEW QUEER FACTS ABOUT A "LAW-ABIDING" PEOPLE.

This is a law-abiding community. We are quite sure of that—are we not?

If any foreign critic should come here and say that we were not a law-abiding people, that, on the contrary, contempt for law and sympathy with law-breaking were rampant among us, how we would score him!

Of course we are a law-abiding community—and yet the following things have actually happened "in our midst."

(1) A once-convicted murderer, of whose guilt there is absolutely no moral doubt, still held in heavy bonds for trial, is no sooner released on bail—temporarily saved by technicalities from the death chair—than he is made the hero of a public banquet, with flowers, fireworks and other festive accompaniments.

Does that show respect for law or sympathy with crime?

(2) One man attempts to assassinate another in the most cowardly manner—waiting for him in ambush and shooting him from behind—and is brought to trial. And his lawyer—not a layman, mind you, but a man schooled and trained as an upholder of the laws and a sworn officer of the courts by virtue of his oath on admission to the bar—gets up and says that he proposes to plead that when he tried to commit murder he did the right, proper and lawful thing. In other words, this lawyer presumes, for a fee, to proclaim the code of private vengeance, and declares that any man may rightfully pass sentence of death on his neighbor and execute the sentence himself!

Is that showing respect for law or is it inciting to lawlessness?

(3) Railroad companies employ special policemen to prevent persons from stealing rides on freight trains. Stealing rides on trains is defined by the law as trespass. The penalty for it is a light fine or a short term of imprisonment. But the railroad special policemen shoot these trespassers on sight, and often shoot to kill. Only a short time since a young man was put to death instantly in this way while stealing a 15-cent ride from Jersey City to Newark. The law said he was a trespasser, to be fined or imprisoned for a month. The company changed it to a capital offense and executed him on the spot without trial.

Is that lawlessness on the part of these corporations and their special police, or what is it?

(4) Two ferry-boats "got together" the other day, and, incidentally to the narrow escape of 800 passengers from sudden death, it was discovered that several rotten old hulks, known to be so for years and years past, are sending about our harbor, utterly unsafe in case any unusual strain is put on them; also that the emergency boats could not be used; and, finally, that there were nothing like as many life-preservers as passengers, and what there were were inaccessible. Yet all these things are covered by laws which the ferry-boat companies are breaking with stolid indifference every hour of every day in the week.

On the whole, are you quite sure that a foreign critic would greatly libel us if he said that on all sides, from rich railroad and ferry-boat corporations down to the poorest individual citizen who preaches of "the unwritten law" that authorizes private murder, we are saturated with the spirit that ignores, defies and tramples the law under our feet?

## SOME OF THE FUN OF THE DAY.

And on what ground do you base your application for divorce?" asked the lawyer of his new client.

"Exertion," said the client.

"You mean desertion, I suppose. Your wife has left you, doubtless."

"No, sir, she hasn't left me, sir."

"Then you can't ask for a divorce on the ground of desertion."

"I said exertion, sir. That's de ground, perzackly. She done exert herself continually to make me mizzable, sir. Put it on the ground of exertion, sir."

Detroit Free Press.

## CARDINAL AND PRIEST TIT-FOR-TAT.

Cardinal Pedro Gonzalez was a pious man who believed in the gospel of peace. He noticed one day that a priest in his train carried a short sword under his cloak. The Cardinal reproved him, saying that a cleric should not carry arms.

"True," answered the priest humbly, "but I carry the weapon only to defend myself should I be attacked by a dog."

"In that case," said the Cardinal, "and should I see a dog running toward me, I should begin to recite the Gospel of John."

"That," returned the priest, "would be a wise thing indeed, but may it not be that there are some dogs that do not understand Latin?"—Youth's Companion.

## PROGRAMME FOR AN HEIRESS-HUNTER.

"I am unfamiliar with American customs," said one European nobleman to another. "What is the usual mode of procedure in marrying an heiress?"

"It is very simple. You tell the lady how much you love her and her father how much you owe."—Washington Star.

## SCHEDULE FOR HUBBY.

De Kanter—I tell you my wife was mad when she let me in last night.

Lusman—I suppose you promised to come home earlier hereafter.

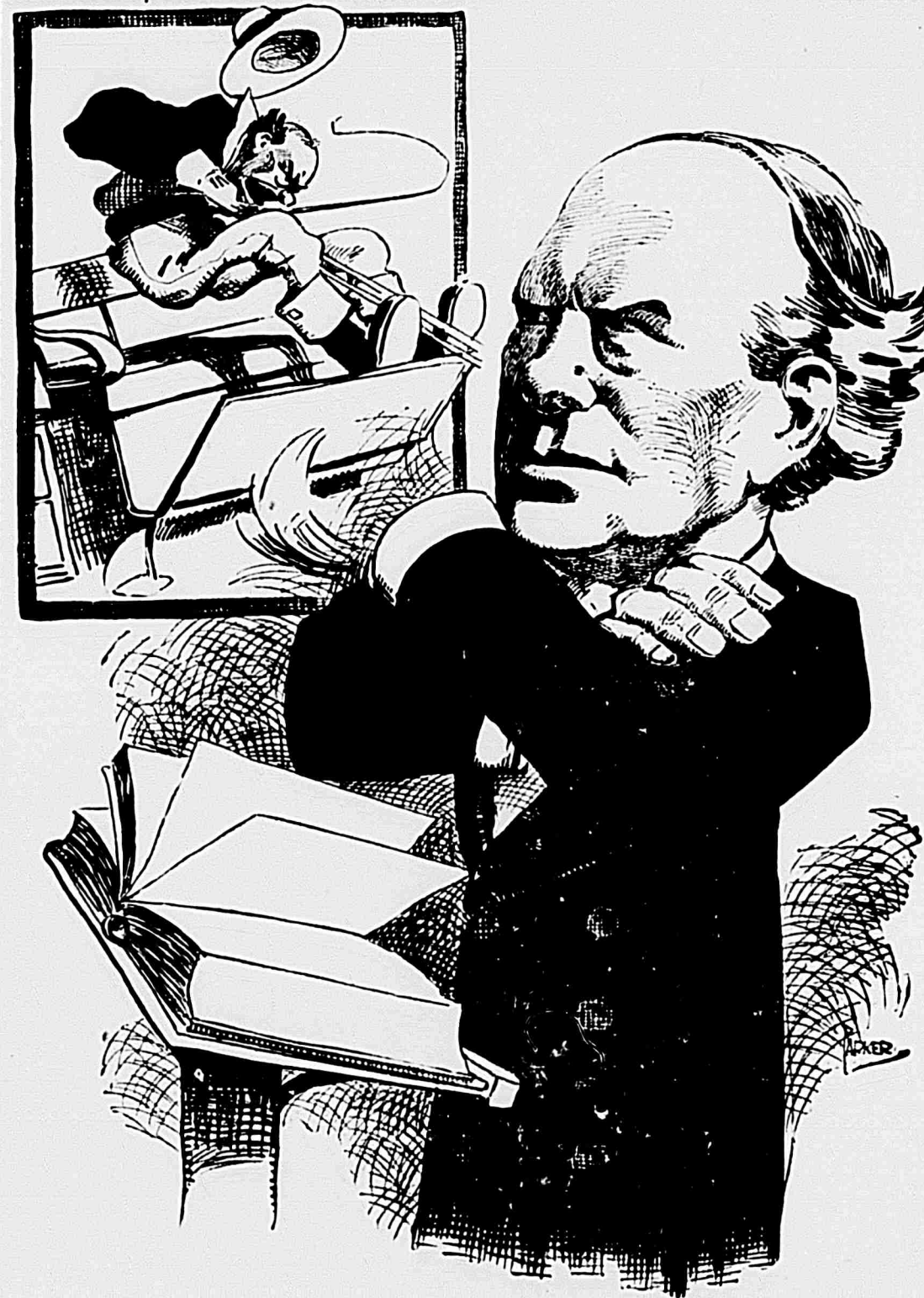
De Kanter—No, she made me promise I'd stay out an hour or so later so the servant girl could take me to the milk.—Philadelphia Press.

## SECOND RULE OF LIFE.

"Some sage has said that the great rule of life is 'know thyself.' " "Yes, but there should be a second rule. 'And when you know yourself don't tell what you know.' "—Philadelphia Record.

# EARLY AMBITIONS.

By FRANK PARKER.



## NO. 3.—REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Though in youth I was one time a striver  
To become a wild western stage driver,  
Soon this hope I was flouting  
To take up sky-scouting,  
In which job I'm a dead-sure arriver.

# THE KICKERS' CLUB IN REGULAR SESSION.

**Kick Against Standing.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I want to join the kickers and with the kickers stand, even though this is a kick against standing, which is what Harlemites who want to go to Fort George on Sunday have to do. Can't the Metropolitan Company be induced to start some cars at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Third avenue and give us a chance to get aboard?"

**Kick Against Certain Laws.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
In this State the code of laws makes marriage a fairly easy and, divorce equally difficult. Hence the host of gaily and unhappily united in my country, (France) there is much foolish red tape

**Kick Against Rental Policemen.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I want to kick against the policeman who thinks that he is earning his salary by kicking and slapping people. If they can't be of any more service than that

**Kick Against Women.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I would like to kick to start a school to teach women to mind their own business and not put on airs when they have nothing for which to put on airs. If they would only look after their own affairs they would rarely need assistance. They put me in mind of little children telling their mothers tales. Such so-called women are hated and shunned. If they only knew it, I am sure a school would help them and teach them to be natural. COMPANION.

**Kick Against Cats and Dogs.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Can any one tell why cats and dogs are allowed to run the streets? Why are they not treated like goats and kept out of the streets? Cats especially are very annoying. They kill sparrows, try to kill your pet canary or any other bird and keep you awake. If people want cats or dogs as pets nobody will object if they keep them on their own premises. Otherwise they should be treated as other animals found running at large. I kick against leaving them at large. J. M.

**Kick Against Holidays.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Why do people want more holidays? Is it because they are paid by the week or month and do not lose their pay on holidays, or do they make so much that they can afford to rest a day or two and not lose their position? There are six working days in a week and a Sunday to rest. I don't see why the proper rest can't be had then. I kick against the idea of more holidays. H.

**Kick Against the Professor.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The professor was giving a music lesson, but his pupil disappeared. Can you find her?

**Kick Against the Professor.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The professor was giving a music lesson, but his pupil disappeared. Can you find her?

**Kick Against the Professor.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The professor was giving a music lesson, but his pupil disappeared. Can you find her?

**Kick Against the Professor.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The professor was giving a music lesson, but his pupil disappeared. Can you find her?

**Kick Against the Professor.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The professor was giving a music lesson, but his pupil disappeared. Can you find her?

**Kick Against the Professor.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The professor was giving a music lesson, but his pupil disappeared. Can you find her?

**Kick Against the Professor.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The professor was giving a music lesson, but his pupil disappeared. Can you find her?

**Kick Against the Professor.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The professor was giving a music lesson, but his pupil disappeared. Can you find her?

**Kick Against the Professor.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The professor was giving a music lesson, but his pupil disappeared. Can you find her?

**Kick Against the Professor.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The professor was giving a music lesson, but his pupil disappeared. Can you find her?

**Kick Against the Professor.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The professor was giving a music lesson, but his pupil disappeared. Can you find her?

**Kick Against the Professor.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The professor was giving a music lesson, but his pupil disappeared. Can you find her?

**Kick Against the Professor.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The professor was giving a music lesson, but his pupil disappeared. Can you find her?

**Kick Against the Professor.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The professor was giving a music lesson, but his pupil disappeared. Can you find her?

**Kick Against the Professor.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The professor was giving a music lesson, but his pupil disappeared. Can you find her?

**Kick Against the Professor.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The professor was giving a music lesson, but his pupil disappeared. Can you find her?

**Kick Against the Professor.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The professor was giving a music lesson, but his pupil disappeared. Can you find her?

# THE PERPLEXITIES OF LOVERS SOLVED BY HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

**He Never Told His Love.**  
Dear Mrs. Ayer:  
I am nineteen years old and am in love with my friend's sister. We have known each other for five years, but have never been very intimate. I am at present working my way through college. Having thought my love for the young lady only a boy's fancy, I never showed it. Consequently she must be ignorant of my love for her. Now, would you advise me to tell her of my love?  
A. G. M.

**You are very young, and you have nothing at present to offer the girl. When a man asks a woman to be his wife the request should stand for something, and the man should have definite prospects.**

**Love is very beautiful and above every other gift, but life is serious, and a boy of nineteen cannot understand its breadth and depth. And how imperative are the bread, butter and a roof over the head necessities.**

**If the girl cares for you and you care for her, time will only tend to strengthen and increase your devotion.**

**I am bound to say, however, that very few men of talent could be tempted to marry the girl who infuriated them at nineteen. Your case may be the exception—give yourself and the girl a chance to prove that it is so, or to escape a wretched fate if you are mistaken.**

**A Bad Case of Younger Sister.**  
Dear Mrs. Ayer:  
Kindly inform me whether a sister has reason to be jealous of her own sister. She is nineteen years old and keeps company with a young man. I am seventeen years old. Once my sister and the young man and I used to go out to-

**either, and now she and her company don't recognize me. Some of the shop-kids are against me. My life is miserable in her presence. LIZZIE.**

**YOUR sister is not different from other girls; naturally, she wants to be with the young man whom she expects to marry.**

**A younger sister is often a great nuisance in these circumstances. Try to remember that two is company and three a crowd, where two of the three are lovers.**

**Find some one else to associate with. Be friendly and nice with your sister and the young gentleman and keep out of the way when you are not wanted. They will be sure to love you very much if you practise these virtues.**

**Children, Obey Your Parents.**  
Dear Mrs. Ayer:  
Two years ago a man asked leave to call on me, but as my father did not

**allow me to keep company I refused him. A week after I went to the country for the summer and he asked me to correspond with him. I said I would wait two weeks for a letter from him. Not receiving any, I wrote to him. I addressed him as "Dear Friend." Last week I passed him, and did not bid him good afternoon, but he spoke. I did not look back and had passed him before he said it. I went right ahead, as if I did not hear it. Do you think I hurt his feelings and ought to apologize to him for it?  
J. P. C.**

**I THINK you have rather exaggerated the situation. It was not necessary for you to bow, anyway, more than once. Don't take any action in the matter at all.**

**If the man cares for you he will find some way to meet you. It would be much better to take your father's advice and be guided by him than make acquaintances unknown to him.**

**TRY THIS BRAIN-TWISTER.**

**HOW MUCH GREATER THAN THREE-FOURTHS IS FOUR-FOURTHS?**

**WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER?**

**Is it one-fourth greater?**

**Is it one-third greater?**

**Is it one and one-third greater, or**

**Is it something else greater?**

**Skilled mathematicians may be found who will give widely different solutions of this problem, which is not so easy as it looks.**

**Can you solve it?**

**A TOUGH DEAL.**



Cobb Webb—Why did you get up and leave that steak yesterday?  
Weary Willie—I didn't ask for work. I asked for sumptin' ter eat.

# THE WOMAN WHO DARED.

By GEN. CHAS. KING, U. S. A.

Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.

MR. BILLINGS, the adjutant, was in peppy mood this morning and came forth arrayed for guard mounting as the trumpets were sounding the roll with a frown on his face that only with obvious effort made way for a smile as he whipped off his cap and wished Miss McCrea a joyous ride. Uncommonly well looked the post surgeon's pretty daughter in saddle.

The sergeant-major came running in with a white face and a yellow power. "Good God, Billings! Hear this. Agent at Red Cloud says: 'Indians were peacefully on annual hunt when Wolf Robe and Red Father were found near mining camp in Medicine Bow shot and scalped. Missing not the work of Indians. Think

them killed by miners. Indians very angry and many are following murderer.'

The colonel had his staff and chaplain with him in less than a minute. McCrea was already in saddle and gone forth in pursuit.

And there was a man lately lying sick of fever in the second story of the barracks, quarters—sick of something more than a fever. If truth be told, for he had learned to love Bonnie McCrea before he had been at the post a month, and being poor and precipitate, and a gentleman, he had declared himself prematurely, and had been gently, but firmly, refused.

A fine physician was Captain and Assistant Surgeon Cranston, but he had

neither found her heart nor could he heat his own. Lavishly he rose and weakly toddled to the front room and saw the rush of troopers for the stables and his own man came tearing homeward.

"What is it, Smith?" he piped.

"Indians, sir—up the river an' Miss McCrea!"

"Good God! Saddle Santee at once!" yelled Cranston, finding voice and vim on the instant.

Away he swept toward the northward. No horse in "F" troop could run with Santee, and a mile settled in. Cranston closed with the sergeant in charge of the squad sent northward.

Far over toward the twisting Red Cloud road and well to the east of the

point where he reached the crest, Cranston caught sight of them, the lady riding easily down the opposite slope of the prairie, the stolid groom still at his post a dozen yards in rear, both unconscious of danger.

But at the very instant the doctor dashed over the crest his keen eye caught sight of swift moving objects, just visible over the ridge beyond—the trailing war bonnets of a pair of "braves" scurrying out of sight. He knew they had seen him, for Indians see everything. He knew they were pursuing her, and though still keeping behind the cover of that ridge, hoped to swoop down upon her as she neared the spring. Not an instant was to be lost.

One glance in that direction, one cry from the lips of the groom and the girl saw it all, saw rushing toward her barely half a mile away, a little band of savage warriors, heard their shrill, exultant yell, and the lash fell on Beauty's quivering flank, and away went the horse and girl and groom, away in a mad race for the distant river, for the shelter of the fort.

Bees McCrea saw the blue jackets charging down the slope, driving wildly as they rode, saw a host of the Indians surging for safety, but, horror of horrors! saw three others bearing down full tilt on a struggling horse and prostrate man, away back at the willows. Santee had fallen and Cranston, who had ridden to rescue her, was practically

in the hands of the Sioux.

And then the woman who had fled became the woman who dared. Her voice had the ring of the adjutant's as she called the soldiers to her aid, and straight as an arrow headed Beauty for the spring. A cheer of delight went up from the squad, for Cranston's revolver spoke once—twice. The leading warrior swerved, his pony stumbled, then tumbled on the turf. The others fairly tore to their feet, and the woman snatched him up from the ground and hauled him away between them, the troops following. The leading warrior, fuming with somebody's campaign hat a pallid face that lay in her lap. Fort Payne had a "love of a wedding," so the woman said, at which P. troop appeared in full force and uniform.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for you, sweetheart,  
For the voice that makes my  
Heaven.

I am yearning for the touch of  
that hand I love so well,  
And my heart would bridge the dis-  
tance and would bid each bond  
be given:

How it hinders for your presence  
there's no tongue can ever tell:  
Ever longing, till no other in my  
sight finds aught of favor,  
Ever yearning in the gloom till  
to rest, I don't see why the proper rest  
can't be had then. I kick against the  
idea of more holidays. H.

LOVING ONLY YOU.

AM longing for